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Thesis

IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE

by

Virginia M. Murphy

(A.B., Boston University, 1947)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

1948

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the following study is to attempt an analysis of John Donne's imagery for the interpretation of his poems and his prose. Although there

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expressions of his own beliefs, likes, dislikes, interests and interpretations. It is in his images that a poet reveals himself although he does not necessarily realize the fact. His images which, through their very concreteness, make the natureliness of them expressed by a dramatist.

It is perhaps wise to qualify the word 'image'. I use it here to include all types of similes and metaphors used for analogy. Not only does it include visual images, but it also includes every imaginative picture expressed in his poet through the eyes, the mind, and the emotions.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the following study is to attempt to discover a new basis for the interpretation of John Donne and his work. Although I have restricted my work to Donne's secular poetry, the possibilities of investigation of all the material included in this classification would be so great a task that I have been forced to restrict my work further to the outstanding poems in his songs and sonnets, epigrams, elegies, satires, epicedes and obsequies, and to the two epitaphs.

This study deals with Donne's images in these poems and the light they throw on his personality, temperament and thought, and the themes of the poems themselves.

If Virginia Woolf is correct in maintaining---"That every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written large in his works....", then what I am attempting to do in this study is justified. Whether a writer is expressing his own thoughts or inventing thoughts for others, he must, to a certain extent, express some of his own beliefs, likes, dislikes, interests and observations. It is in his images that a poet reveals himself although he does consciously search for and use images which, through their very consciousness, lack the naturalness of those expressed by a dramatist.

It is perhaps time to qualify the word 'image'. I use it here to include all types of similes and metaphors used for analogy. Not only does it connote visual images, but it also includes every imaginative picture expressed by the poet through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

The power of drawing analogy---likeness between dissimilar things---is necessary to the great poet. His standing as a poet depends largely on the amount of power he has in discovering hidden likenesses, and therefore the use of this power is what stirs us in his writings. It is these hidden analogies that express the greatest truths which otherwise are incapable of expression.

I will not discuss here the formal classification of images in Donne's work, since I am chiefly concerned with their content rather than their form. A definition of imagery in this paper would be too involved and too open for discussion. Perhaps Caroline Spurgeon's rather free definition of an image is practical here. She defines it as:

"...the little word picture used by a poet or prose writer to illustrate, illuminate, and embellish his thought. It is a description or an idea, which by comparison or analogy, stated or understood, with something else, transmits to us through the emotions and associations it arouses, something of the 'wholeness', the depth and richness of the way the writer views, conceives, or has felt what he is telling us."¹

She goes on to say that the image gives quality, creates atmosphere, and conveys emotion in a way that no exact description can possibly do. A fascinating illustration of Donne's ability to create atmosphere and emotion through the image is found in the ninth Elegy:

Nor Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face;

These little word pictures give us the background and atmosphere of the thing described, and they tell us almost positively that the writer has seen and experienced them. My aim therefore is to find the

1. Caroline Spurgeon. Shakespeare's Imagery. New York: The Macmillan Company. (1935) p. 9.

content of the images in a limited number of Donne's poems and to investigate as closely as possible the light they throw on the man himself.

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF JOHN DONNE

John Donne was born in London, parson, of St. Nicholas Cole, Broad Street, in 1572.¹ He was the first son of a prosperous ironmonger. His father was the son of an architect and respected family in name. He was a free-borner of the city and worked in the office of master of the Ironmonger Company in 1574. His death in 1576 left his wife with six children to care for. Donne's mother, Elizabeth, was the third daughter of John Heywood, the famous dramatist. Her mother, Elizabeth, herself, was the daughter of John Rustell and Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More.

This we find that Donne could boast of great ancestry on both sides. His family, however, was Catholic and paid dearly because of it. For possession of the Catholic was given up at that time. Donne's only brother died in prison because he had hidden and aided a priest. His grandfather, John Heywood, had his property confiscated because of his Catholicism. In 1572, driven from his home in Antwerp, died of thirst. Another uncle, Father Joseph Heywood, visiting London on a mission from Rome, was imprisoned for a year and later exiled.

Donne was brought up under strict Catholic teaching, and although little is actually known of his early life, he was, it is certain, care-

1. David Mallet, The Life of Dr. Donne, in the Harvard Classics, ed. by G. R. Elton, Vol. 19 (1905).

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diligent. He was sent to Oxford at the age of eleven, where two years at Oxford he entered Cambridge and remained there until 1594. He seems to have taken a degree, but this is probably the fact that he could not take the oath. These years at Oxford and Cambridge were marked by diligent study.

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF JOHN DONNE

John Donne was born in London, parish of St. Nicholas Olave, Bread Street, in 1573.¹ He was the first son of a prosperous ironmonger. His father was the son of an ancient and respected family in Wales. He was a free man of the city and served in the office of warden of the Iron Monger Company in 1574. His death in 1576 left his wife with six children to care for. Donne's mother, Elizabeth, was the third daughter of John Heywood, the famous dramatist. Her mother, Elizabeth Rastell, was the daughter of John Rastell and Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More.

Thus we find that Donne could boast of proud ancestry on both sides. His family, however, was Catholic and paid dearly because of it, for persecution of the Catholics was common at that time. Donne's only brother died in prison because he had hidden and aided a priest. His grandfather, John Heywood, had his property confiscated because of his Catholicism. An uncle, driven from his home in Antwerp, died of shock. Another uncle, Father Josaph Heywood, visiting London on a mission from Rome, was imprisoned for a year and later exiled.

Donne was brought up under strict Catholic teaching, and although little is actually known of his early life, he was, it is certain, carefully

1. Izaak Walton. The Life of Dr. Donne. In the Harvard Classics, ed. by C. W. Eliot. Vol. 15 (1909).

fully tutored. He was sent to Oxford at the age of eleven. After two years at Oxford he entered Cambridge and remained there until 1589. He never took a degree, but this is probably explained by the fact that he could not take the oath. These years at Oxford and Cambridge were marked by diligent study. He rose at four A. M. and studied until ten A. M.

After he left Cambridge, Donne continued his studies but with private tutors. He concentrated on mathematics and liberal sciences. It was at that time that he started a serious study of religion, and even then he showed signs of being an independent thinker and of having a certain laxity toward things Roman.

In 1592, Donne entered Lincoln's Inn. It was at this time that Henry Donne, his brother, was imprisoned for harboring a priest and died of fever in Clink Prison. The effects of this on Donne were serious and he started a very systematic study of various sects. His final conversion to the Anglican Church was quite probably due to his personal acquaintance with persecution and his distance from the influence of his mother.

This freedom from the influence of home and his strict Catholic background, plus the effects of the rather fast life of a law student, caused Donne to join in with the feverish life around him. There were several influences pressing on him at this time. He had been reared in an exceptionally strict Catholic household; his family had suffered many trials, and he was forced to live the curtailed life of a Catholic at Oxford. His heritage on his mother's side and the vigorous nature inherited from his father helped him, sensitive as he was, to withstand these influences and many more that were to come as he matured.

Donne seemed destined for public service as his study at Lincoln's

Inn, his general popularity, and the wealth of his family seemed to indicate. A very serious disadvantage, however, was his connection with the Catholic Church. The date of his conversion to the Anglican Church is not definite, but it is quite certain that it occurred between 1593 and 1603. It is noticeable that although he finally became an Anglican, he never entirely severed himself from the fundamental teachings of the Catholic Church.

In spite of the fact that he never practiced law, Donne studied diligently and was considered a brilliant scholar. Despite his studies and his religious doubt, Donne found the time and the inspiration to write poetry. It is this poetry, bitter and cynical as it was, that has caused so much controversy and speculation among Donne's more conventional readers.

At the age of twenty-three, Donne saw foreign service under the Earl of Essex. This service resulted in the epigram "Gales and Guyana." The next year, 1597, Donne saw foreign service again, and we have the poems, "The Storme" and "The Calme." After these expeditions, Donne traveled in Italy and Spain for a number of years and then returned to England to study at Lincoln's Inn.

Very little is known about the period between his entrance into Lincoln's Inn and his marriage. It has been conjectured that he traveled the continent, saw service, and was private secretary to Lord Ellesmere. A close study of his poems of this period give us a definite picture of a Donne who was enjoying life to the full while another Donne, more skeptical, more thoughtful, more appreciative of life, was savoring these experiences and expressing his appreciation of them in poetry. This poetry is a confused conglomeration of many mixed emotions as described above.

There occurs, at this time, a gradual but very noticeable change in Donne. During his period at Lincoln's Inn, Donne made the acquaintance of the prominent Thomas Egerton and became his secretary. Egerton liked Donne and valued his friendship. It was at this time that Donne met Ann More, the niece of Thomas Egerton's second wife. Donne remained with Egerton as secretary for five years during which time he became very well acquainted with court affairs, and this period in his life had a lasting effect on Donne. He became familiar with great statesmen, and his friendship with Ann More was fast developing into a courtship which culminated in their marriage in December, 1600.

The marriage was a clandestine one and cost Donne the friendship of Egerton and the malice of his father-in-law who had him thrown into prison. More even went so far as to insist that Donne be dismissed from the service of Lord Egerton. Egerton, although he was angry with Donne, did not want to comply with More's request but finally succumbed to him and dismissed Donne.

Donne was overwhelmed with despair over these events and the imprisonment which followed his dismissal from Egerton's service. He was finally allowed to leave prison, due to ill health, but he had no means of support. (He had already lost his fortune.) More also attempted to have the marriage annulled, but, unsuccessful in this and besieged on all sides by Donne's friends and sympathizers, he became reconciled to the marriage and even tried to have Donne restored to his position in Egerton's service, which attempt was not successful. Although More also allowed Donne to have the marriage confirmed by the Commissioners, it was a year before he allowed Ann to go to Donne as his wife. Sir Francis Wooley, Ann's cousin, welcomed Donne and his bride to his home in Pyrford. Here, the first two of their

twelve children were born. Donne's means of livelihood at this time are uncertain, and this period (to 1604) is a blank in his history. It is generally supposed that they moved to Mitcham in 1605 where most of their other children were born.

In 1605, leaving his family in Mitcham, Donne, encouraged and persuaded by Christopher Brooke, moved to the Strand in an effort to seek patronage at Court. Here, he worked with Thomas Morton on a pamphlet against the Jesuits. Morton asked Donne to take orders and extended a benefice to him. Donne did not accept at first but was eventually forced to give up his independence of religious thought and to accept the Anglican Church.

In 1606, Donne received a license to travel on the continent for three years. The purpose of this journey has never been explained, but he was probably on a mission for Sir Thomas Morton.

In 1608, Donne was in bad financial circumstances at Mitcham, and again he was aided by Ann's cousin, Sir Francis Wooley, who persuaded Sir George More to settle Ann's dowry. With this settlement, Donne's fortunes turned to the better and encouraged by his friend, Lady Russell, whom he had met at Mitcham, he turned once more to his writing.

Donne met Sir Robert Drury in 1610, and through the elegy which he wrote for Elizabeth Drury, he gained the thankfulness and friendship of this man who took him and his family into his home. Drury also took Donne with him to Amiens; it was at this time that "Sweetest Love, I Do Not Goe" and "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning" were composed.

In 1613, Donne lost at least two of his children, was in poor health himself, and was griefstricken as he watched Ann slowly decline in health.

About this time he sought ordination but nothing came of his efforts; he soon changed his mind and again sought court preferment in 1614. King James evidently thought he was better suited to the clergy and refused him secular preferment. It is clearly evident that Donne was more or less forced into becoming Dr. Donne although he fought bitterly against it. On January 25, 1615 he was finally ordained at St. Paul's Cathedral.

His start in the ministry was slow, but he climbed steadily. He soon made a very favorable impression on the King and, at his insistence, was given a degree of Doctor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. He was released from all financial worry by his appointments at Keystone, Seven Oaks in Kent, and as Divinity Reader at Lincoln's Inn, a much sought after position.

The loss of Ann in 1617 resulted in his complete concentration on his duties in the Church. He was overwhelmed by grief at her death and locked himself in his home until this grief had abated. He then resumed his religious duties with a new devotion and fervour. Shortly after this, Donne was again attacked by ill health and was hardly able to carry on his duties at Lincoln's Inn. The King, recognizing this, commissioned him to accompany Lord Hay on a mission to Bohemia in the hope that the trip would benefit his health; Donne returned a fitter man in mind and body.

After this trip, in 1621, Donne was elected Dean of St. Paul's which made him completely independent financially, and in 1622 he resigned his position at Lincoln's Inn. In 1624, after a year of serious illness, he was made Vicar of St. Dunstan's. The years 1626 to 1631 were his most successful years as a preacher. In 1630 he drew up his will and posed for the famous monument which was prepared for him. His death in 1631

terminated a long and varied career.

Donne was a man of great virtues and great faults which were quite thoroughly mixed in his character. In his life as well as in his poetry, his reader may find much that attracts and much that repels. Perhaps it is this that causes students of poetry to be either irrevocably intrigued or completely repulsed by Donne's work. It is a mistake to say that few readers today know Donne for he had a profound effect on poetry which has been felt through the ages.

Donne's vigor was dying out. He found himself at the end of a tremendous period whose influence was stifling the vigor and life of the poetry of his contemporaries. His desire to speak out in his own voice and to shake the formal methods of his age resulted in his early poetry which was proved of interest to the casual reader of his time and ours.

It is dangerous to say that Donne wrote only of his own experience, or that he experienced all in wrote of. He was a brilliant, well educated man, well born, and had a good background, particularly in his father's side. He was fond of telling his friends that he had salvaged his undiscarded youth by faith and had thus won the fruits of his maturity; yet he was much more worldly than he cared to have his friends believe. In his maturity Dr. Donne regretted his youthful errors, but in his representation of them he was perhaps inclined to exaggerate. His early loves affairs are curiously conventional and literary and influenced by his treatment of Elizabethan marginalization of love. To say that they are all his own experience is to belittle the actual genius of the poet.

Donne was a man of many and varied experiences; he enjoyed life to the full particularly in his youth. He may have known many things that could have tried the soul of any man and yet he was a frail man.

CHAPTER II

He wrote not only from desire to express himself but also from necessity. He pleaded for penitence and salvation of his soul. He did

Donne's earlier poems do not reflect his life too well.¹ He recognized the fact that Elizabethan conventions were rapidly taking the life out of poetry and that Renaissance vigor was dying out. He found himself at the end of a tremendous period whose influence was stifling the vigor and life of the poetry of his contemporaries. His desire to speak out in his own voice and to shake the formal methods of his age resulted in his early poetry which has proved of interest to the casual reader of his time and ours.

It is dangerous to say that Donne wrote only of his own experiences or that he experienced all he wrote of. He was a brilliant, well educated man, was well off, and had a good background, particularly on his mother's side. He was fond of telling his friends that he had salvaged his misdirected youth by faith and had thus won the fruits of his maturity; yet he was much more worldly than he cared to have his friends believe. In his maturity Dr. Donne regretted his youthful errors, but in his representation of them he was perhaps inclined to exaggerate. His early love affairs are obviously conventional and literary and influenced by his resentment of Elizabethan overglorification of love. To say that they are all his own experiences is to belie the actual genius of the poet.

1. H. J. C. Grierson. The Poems of John Donne. London: Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford. (1933)

Donne was a man of many and varied experiences; he enjoyed life to the full particularly in his youth. He also experienced many things that would have tried the soul of even more rugged men and he was a frail man. He wrote not only from a desire to express himself but also from necessity. He pleaded for patronage, for money, and for court preferment. He did compromise but he did not spiritually surrender. Perhaps, after so many years of struggle and poverty, a prospect of security attracted him and he accepted the King's dictates. What actually caused his conversion has never been known, but it was obviously the result of careful thought and deliberation.

He was a rebel in religious thought as well as literary conventions. This resulted in a lack of things material as well as peace of mind. Although he revolted against the Roman Catholic Church, it is noticeable that he continued his study of the Fathers of the Church and that his theology was composed of only those doctrines accepted by both churches; punishment and the remission of sins occupied his attention. Even in his cynical love poems there is a recurring thought that threads its way through the cynicisms. This thought was concerned with death. His early poetry shows his search for the answer to death's mystery; his later work indicated that he had found the answer in faith and that he could scarcely wait for the glory of death.

Donne's mind was, to a certain extent, legalistic and a careful reader may discover that he loved a learned argument for its own sake but kept this love well hidden from his contemporaries. In the love lyrics he explained love to himself. Emotion and impulse rarely ruled him and the mood of his love lyrics is made up of the account of an emotion in progress

and a running, analyzing commentary on it. He could not resist a cold-blooded analysis of all he did; he viewed natural passions with detached irony.

At Oxford and Cambridge Donne showed the first signs of rebellion. He refused degrees rather than give up his independent attitude toward religion. His first revolt against literary conventions occurred at Lincoln's Inn in three of his satires. These satires, written in a juvenile tone of bitterness, reflect the theme in which Donne was most interested, man and man's society. Satires two and three are directly influenced by his brother's death; all the satires mirror the religious persecution directed at his family. This early period of writing is characterized by a wild, cynical, independent desire to shape a very definite change in his poetry. In spite of the sense of frustration that he must have felt in the months of separation from Ann and the years of strife and poverty that followed, he never wrote anything as bitter and cynical as some of the poems written before his marriage. The period characterized by poems which reflect his great love for Ann and his acceptance of responsibility is marked by both deep and sincere work, and work of 'bread and butter' quality. This quality of 'bread and butter' indicates his recognition of the responsibilities of a family and his search for a patron in his need of support for himself and his family. "The Anatomie of the World" and "The Progresse of the Soule" illustrate this quality clearly.

This period is followed by the period of release from financial bonds. In the "Holy Sonets", for the first time free of necessity and cynicism, Donne wrote beautiful, soul-searching poems which show traces of

his earlier Catholic training. This work bears no stigma of the 'bread and butter' period. These poems are deep, sincere, and reflective of the true Donne who had run the gamut of sin and repentance and was free to express his own mature, learned, and individual thoughts on life and death. He wrote only for a select group.

As Donne became more interested in ecclesiastical work, his poetry became more conventional. He had become well known and influential and with recognition, more or less conservative. He had worked his way through a maze of spiritual and material problems, and at the end of his career, he was acknowledged as the arbiter of style and doctrine.

Donne's poetry reflects his troubled and tormented life. The whole matter is very adequately expressed in the following quotation:

"His passionate youth, his ambitious middle age, his errors in taste, his uncertain trending in the approach to the altar, his acquiescences and adulation of patrons--these things are as undeniable as his fundamental piety, his loyal friendships, his good feeling, good sense, his steady devotion to the more ascetic ideals of the profession he at last embraced. But the nobler qualities were predominant ones....."¹

A few of Donne's poems are not easily broken up into separate images because they are based on one long conceit which I have indicated as such. In only a few instances, where outstanding figures of speech are used within

1. Caroline Spurgeon. Shakespeare's Imagery. Chart V.
2. H. J. C. Grierson. The Poems of John Donne. All poems quoted in the following chapters are taken from this edition.
3. A conceit, as defined by J. R. Lowe, The Metaphysical Conceit in the Poems of John Donne, Private Edition, DISTRIBUTED BY THE JOINT UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, (1941), p. 17, is a passage which "expresses a single, usually, though the stated or clearly implied categories.
1. H. J. C. Grierson. The Poems of John Donne. p. XIV.

The analysis now I actually classified the images.

The reader has only to refer to the outline which follows to determine the correct classification.

CHAPTER III

SUBJECTS OF DONNE'S IMAGES

Classification of Images under the basic heading of Seeing Things.

The system by which I have classified Donne's images can be best understood if presented in outline form. This outline has been devised as a method of showing in an easily grasped visual form the various classifications of the subjects of the images which Donne used. I am indebted to Caroline Spurgeon for the main classification of the images.¹

At the beginning of each of the following chapters, I have reproduced, in their entirety, each poem to be discussed.² All images in the poems are underlined, and at the right of each line containing an image, I have used a key which indicates the classification into which the image falls. When I found it necessary to underline words which were italicized in the Grierson text, I indicated the image by an asterick rather than underlining it.

A few of Donne's poems are not easily broken up into separate images because they are based on one long conceit³ which I have indicated as such. In only a few instances, where outstanding figures of speech are used within

1. Caroline Spurgeon. Shakespeare's Imagery. Chart V.

2. H. J. C. Grierson. The Poems of John Donne. All poems quoted in the following chapters are taken from this edition.

3. A conceit, as defined by W. R. Moses, The Metaphysical Conceit in the Poems of John Donne, Private Edition, Distributed by the Joint University Libraries, Nashville, Tennessee, (1941), p. 19, is a passage which causes imaginative shock, usually through the stated or clearly implied linkage of things or ideas from different associational categories.

the conceit have I actually classified the images.

The reader has only to refer to the outline which follows to determine the correct classification of the image: that is, if the reader finds the key I. A. 1., he may be sure that the image falls under the general classification of Nature, under the more specific heading of Growing Things, and is, to be exact, an image involving a flower. This method is, I believe, a more exact means of indicating the type of image used.

At the end of each chapter I have summarized the conclusions I have drawn from the number and types of images used in the group of poems under discussion.

I. various
A. birds
B. insects etc.
C. nests etc.
D. various
E. various
F. various
G. various
H. various
I. various
J. various
K. various
L. various
M. various
N. various
O. various
P. various
Q. various
R. various
S. various
T. various
U. various
V. various
W. various
X. various
Y. various
Z. various
OUTLINE
A. various
B. various
C. various
D. various
E. various
F. various
G. various
H. various
I. various
J. various
K. various
L. various
M. various
N. various
O. various
P. various
Q. various
R. various
S. various
T. various
U. various
V. various
W. various
X. various
Y. various
Z. various
I. NATURE
A. Growing Things
1. flowers
2. trees
3. plants
4. fruit
5. weeds
B. Weather
1. cold
2. storm
3. wind
4. rain
5. cloud
6. mist
7. changes
C. Sea and Ships
1. ships and sea faring
D. Celestial Bodies
1. sun
2. stars
3. shadow
4. moon
E. Elements
1. water
a. river
b. sea
2. earth

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 - 2. canker
 - 3. grafting
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 - 5. growth
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 - 2. dogs
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 - 4. various
 - B. Birds
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 - 2. outdoor
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 - 1. clothes
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 - 1. light
 - 2. darkness
 - D. Human Relations
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 - 2. women
 - 3. various
 - 4. babes
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 - 1. various
 - 2. simple beliefs
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 - 1. instruments
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 - 3. musicians
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- A. Personification
 - 1. qualities

- 2. states and emotions
- 3. nature
- 4. various

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C. Miscellaneous

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of thy plump widdye whore, or prostitute boy) 40
With sorbie, thond eyes be bloud, and caraf-
fe water, and dewey, our bogies naked 45
And still our bauls be unparalled

VIII. A. 4

III. B. 1

CHAPTER IV

With firme blist spets and rounche bosome 48
And lost that, yet how am Ile be unparalled
And in this course alwaies

With God, and with the world, and with the sunne 52
But since thou like a widdye whore

VII. B. 1

Therably warr'd

SATIRE I

Away thou fondling motley humorist, 54
Leave mee, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few bookees, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I dye: 5
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here 5
Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie; 10
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddie fantastique Poets of each land. 10
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 15
First sweare by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street 15
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier 20
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer. 20
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire!
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee: 25
To take, and leave mee is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30
The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:
That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
As though all thy companions should make thee 35
Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
Why shoud'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,

VIII. A. 4

III. H.

V. J. 1

VI. E. 2

IV. A.

VIII. A. 1

VIII. A. 3

V. H.

V. F.

III. D. 6

III. B. 1

VIII. A. 1

VIII. A. 4

III. D. 6

V. F.

VIII. C.

Of thy plump' muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare? VIII. A. 4
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled III. B. 1
Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,
 And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
But since thou like a contrite penitent, VI. B. 1
Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesses, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath beene
Worne by as many severall men in sinne, III. D. 2
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, 55 II. B. III. B. 1
 Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
The Infanta of London, Heire to an India; V. J.
And sooner may a gulling weather Spie VI. F.
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
Than thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show III. D. 5
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldest go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; He first of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee
Sells for a little state his libertie; 70 V. J. 1
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75 III. D. 5
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh'at the ground. VII. B. 3
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Than the wise politique horse would heretofore, 80 II. A. 1
Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe, II. A. 3
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, and cryes, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
Th' Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well) III. D. 3
 Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; 90

He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in hansoming a sute,
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleate
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
 But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of sort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a windowe spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many were there, he could command no more;
 Hee quarrell'd fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the Head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

II. B.

III. B.

III. D. 3

IV. C.

I. B. 6

SATIRE II

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pitty towards the rest.
 Though Poetry indeed be such a sinne 5
 As I thinke that brings dearth, and Spaniards in,
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
 Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state
 Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes;
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
 Rammes, and slings now are seely battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie. 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
 But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw 25

VI. B. 1

IV. C.

VIII. A. 2

VI. B. 1

V. A.

VIII. B. 1

V. C. 2

VII. B. 2

IV. A.

Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw	I.	A. 4
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,		
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true		
For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne	IV.	B.
The meate was mine, th' excrement is his owne: 30	IV.	A.
But these do mee no harme, nor they which use		
To out-swive Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes;		
To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie; VI. A.	VI.	D.
Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar bee		
As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, 35	VI.	B.
Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:	V.	D.
Whose strange sinnes, Canonists sould hardly tell		
In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.		
But these punish themselves; the insolence		
Of Cossus onely breeds my just offence, 40	VI.	C.
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,	I.	G.
And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)	II.	A. 1
Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late		
But a scarce Poet; jollier of this state,		
Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45	VI.	B. 1
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever, he goes,		
His title of Barrister, on every wench,		
And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench:	VI.	D.
A motion, Lady; Speake Cossus; I have beene		
In love, ever since tricesimo of the Queene, 50		
Continall claimes I have made, injunctions got		
To stay my rivals suit, that hee shoud not		
Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,	VI.	C.
You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,		
I should be in remitter of your grace; 55		
In th' interim my letters should take place		
Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare		
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,	IV.	A. 1
More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more	III.	D. 3
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60	I.	B. 3
When sicke with Poetrie, and possest with muse	IV.	C.
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse	VII.	C. 2
Law practise for meere gaine, bolde soule, repute		
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.	III.	D. 2
Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65	II. B.	V. D.
His hands still at a bill, now he must talke		
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare	III.	D. 6
That only suretisship hath brought them there,		
And to every suitor lye in every thing		
Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; 70	V.	A.
Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,	V.	D.
Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre	II.	A. 1
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for		
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor		
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75	VI.	B. 1
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.		

Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;	I.	C.
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.		
And spying heires melting with luxurie,	IV.	B.
Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as hee. 80	V.	K.
For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,	V.	K.
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,		
Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare		
(Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding gear;	V.	K.
Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85		
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.	V.	D.
In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes	I.	I.
Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,	VI.	C.
So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)		
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse 90		
These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,		
Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes		
When Luther was profest, He did desire		
Short Pater nosters, saying as a Fryer		
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95	VI.	B.
Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause.		
But when he sells or changes land, he' impaires		
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, see heires,	V.	A.
As slily as any Commenter goes by		
Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity 100	VI.	B. 1
As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out		
Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.		
Where are those spred woods, which cloth'd heretofore		
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.	I.	A. 2
Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, In great hals 105		
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls	VI. D.:	A. 1
Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich mens homes		
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,	VI.	A.
None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,		
Good workes as good, but out of fashion now, 110		
Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes	III.	B. 1
Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.		

SATIRE III

Kind pitty chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids	VIII.	A. 2
Those teares to issue which swell by eye-lids		
I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,		
Can railing then cure these worne maladies?		
Is not our Mistresse faire Religion, 5	VIII.	A. 4
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,		
As vertue was to the first blinded age?		
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage		
Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,		
As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpassee 10		
Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit		

Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught so easie wayes and neare
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; 15
This feare great courage, and high valour is. VIII. A. 1

Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey I. C. 1
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoueries? and thrise VIII. A. 1
Colder than Salamanders, like divine
Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line, VI. B. 3
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddess, to thy Mistresse, draw
 Or eate thy poysous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for the forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
The worlds all parts wither away and passe, IV.
So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is V. C. 1
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last,
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, 40
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us, VIII. B.
 Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know 45
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
 The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
Crantz to such brave Loves will not be intrall'd, III. B.
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
Religion, plaine, simple, sullen yong,
Contemptuous, yet unhansome; As among VIII. A. 4
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.
 Graius stayes still at home here, and because 55
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still 60
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre V. G. 1

All, because all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none. VIII. C.

Gracious loves all as one, and thinkes that so 65
 As women do in divers countries goe
 In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind- III. B. 1
 nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falsehood bee
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is; III. D. 4
 Be busie to seeke her, beleeve mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80 VIII. A. 1
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
 And what the hills sddennes resists, winne so;
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night. I. I.
 To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazzling, yet plaine to all eyes. I. D. 1
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangman to Fate.
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; 100
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie.
 As stremes are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell I. E. 1 a
 At the rough stremes calme head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given 105
 To the stremes tyrannous rage, alas are driven
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust I. A. 1
 Power from God claym'd than God himselfe to trust. 110

CONCLUSIONS

The five satires, three of which are represented here, were written at the beginning of Donne's career. No one of them is particularly objective, for they all concern matters which affronted the personal taste of the poet. Satire one attacks society in general and the court in particular. Satire two is directed first at the poetasters and then at lawyers. The third satire attacks churches in a general way and contains a veiled attack on the Queen as head of the Established Church.

The preponderance of images in Satire one are classified under domestic and imaginative images. We find that society is personified as a 'motley humorist' who is capable of judging only 'laces, pinke, panes, print, cut and pleate of all the court'. We learn that Donne's flighty, vain, society friend is attracted by 'a velvet justice with a great train of blew coats, twelve or fourteen strong' and that:

... sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose,
Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly
What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
Than thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldest go.

Satire I, ll. 53-64

This entire passage, an elaborate conceit, shocks the imagination of the reader by its lack of rational equivalence. The hyperboles used seem to have little or nothing in common, and their combination is characteristic of the imaginative and keen wit of the poet.

The images in Satire two, as might be expected when such a subject

is treated, fall under the general classifications of learning, daily life, and the body, in that order. Poetry 'is a sinne and catches men and doth remove never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state is poore, disarm'd like Papists, not worth hate'. This thought is developed into an attack on poetasters who eat the 'meate' of Donne but whose excrement is their own. Donne also tells us of 'new tenements in hell' and describes a lawyer who, 'as slily as any Commenter' leaves out the heirs when he sells or changes lands. Here we see his lack of reverence for things Catholic, his knowledge of the common man, and his innate distaste for the court.

Imaginative images occur again and again in Satire three, and we see a Donne who had enough bitter experience to find cynical analogies between Religion and a many faced mistress, who could, however, picture truth as standing remote and high and yet not unattainable on a steep and craggy hill, and who, in young manhood, could picture old age as death's twilight.

Roughness of meter, impatient rhyming, and expression of Donne's own resentments detract from the value of these satires; yet, as illustrated, they contain many interesting and informative images. The poems, as a group, are too experimental and topical to reflect much of Donne's individuality. They do however, give us a fair picture of his opinions and his life in London at that time. The roughness of versification indicates perhaps the start of his revolt against polished style. The complicated numbers and types of images, combined with his sometimes involved thinking, has often discouraged his readers. Fausset comments:

"Yet Jonson erred in imputing his rhythmical peculiarities to want of ear, adding that 'Donne for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging'. Donne could and indeed did, when least sincere practise an entirely conventional prosody. But

style, truly realized, is dictated by its matter, and the more intellectual a poet's imagination be, the less smooth and mellifluous is his language."¹

Donne's inquisitive, active intelligence, forever turning upon itself, darting forward, back, and forward again, does, of necessity, break up the smooth rhythm of his verses.

The satires, however, represent the more coldly conscious work of Donne. His subject matter is cynical and his versification, as mentioned above, is a very good example of his revolt against the stifling conventions of Elizabethan style. It is easy to picture a satirical, cynical young Donne sitting at his desk after a brief and, no doubt, not too deep a taste of life and penning his impertinent remarks on the 'fondling motley humorist'. He tells us that he thanks God for his perfect hate of all this towne and dressed in his coarse attire he scorns the 'many-colored peacocks' and the 'briske piert Courtier'. He finally returns again to his study to await the coming of his friend who, although he 'like light dew exhal'd' flung Donne aside, 'came to mee hanging the Head and constantly a while must keepe his bed'.

This picture of an outstanding member of London society and the images used:

'....thou fondling motley humorist' in all of these found her to be 'wild uncertaine thee'
'Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,'

reveal a Donne who was obviously trying to express his repulsion but who

1. H. L. Fausset. John Donne A Study In Discord. London: Jonathon Cape Ltd. (1895). pp. 49-50.

inadvertantly, in his over-emphasis on savage, mocking images, tells us that he has his share of ambition and desire to attain the life of luxury he had seen in his brief excursion beyond his academic realm.

At this early stage in his career we can see that Donne was already being pulled two ways. Like the school boy he describes, he knew of a 'gay sport abroad, yet dare not go'. And yet he declared,

.....and as
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
 So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste,
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.

Satire III. 11. 35-42

From the evidence found in these conflicting images it is clearly evident that Donne was feeling the first faint tremors of the battle that was to occupy his attention during the greater part of his career. These images fall under the classification of the body and human relations and are couched in terms of decay and misuse of the body. They show Donne's love of life and his 'half-moral, half-animal' disgust of death which was to reach the proportions of a great crisis in his life.

Donne laughed cynically at Mirreus, Crantz, and Craius who sought their Mistresse Religion in many places but in all of them found her to be 'plaine, simple, sullen yong, contemptuous, yet unhansome'. Surely Donne must have had some experiences with rather unpredictable women to draw such an analogy so accurately and vividly. Certainly he possessed, even at this immature stage in his career, a very active imagination. This is also illustrated in his attacks on lawyers:

.....'but men which chuse
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute

Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute'.

Satire II. 11. 63-65

The images in these poems are not merely bits of cleverness. They are self revealing. They preview the images and comments he is soon to make on women. He evidently had given in to momentary dissipation, had embraced and been repelled by London life, and thus found occasion to express his immature criticisms of lawyers, priests, courtiers, and a town which he pictured as 'a painted strumpet' whose citizens were 'fine, painted fools'.

Only in a few poems written after his marriage to Ann More do we see the more tender, sincere side of his description of love. This is exemplified in the deep contrast between such **CHAPTER V "The Indifferent"** and "**A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning**". With the exception of perhaps one or two

IMAGERY IN SELECTED SONGS AND SONNETS

women for whom he apparently had sincere but not abiding love, Donne found

Because so many of the songs and sonnets are made up in whole or in part of conceits, I have not reproduced them with the classifications of their images. To do so would be very difficult and would have little significance for the reader. I have, instead, merely brought the most outstanding conceits and images to the readers' attention in the conclusions drawn from my study of all the images in the poems.

The poems which I have used are:

- "The Good-Morrow"
- "Womans Constancy"
- "The Undertaking"
- "The Computation"
- "The Indifferent"
- "The Canonization"
- "The Triple Foole"
- "Song-Goe And Catche A Falling Starre"
- "Song-Sweetest Love, I Do Not Goe"
- "A Valediction: Of Weeping"
- "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"
- "Loves Alchymie"
- "The Curse"
- "The Apparition"
- "The Extasie"

The images in Donne's songs and sonnets are so closely attached to the thought and the fact, that they indicate a certain degree of actual experience in the things discussed. We see Donne at one time exulting in the physical pleasures of the body and at another, coldly analyzing love with cynical and sometimes sincere disgust.

Women are the object of brutal, sarcastic remarks in most cases.

Only in a few poems written after his marriage to Ann More do we see the more tender, sincere side of his description of love. This is exemplified in the deep contrast between such poems as "The Indifferent" and "A Vale-diction: Forbidding Mourning". With the exception of perhaps one or two women for whom he apparently felt sincere but not lasting love, Donne found most women to be fickle and 'fain'd vestalls'.

With sarcasm and great disdain, Donne bids his reader to:

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divils foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befall thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.¹

Sooner can a person tell where all past years are or teach anyone to keep off 'envies stinging' than he can find a woman who is constant. This poem

1. "Song" Donne and his expression of them. With the lessening of

is a good illustration of the use of the conceit, particularly in the first stanza. "A Womans Constancy" is another poem which contains Donne's opinions concerning women's ability to be constant in love, but it is not quite as sarcastic as the above poem.

Fausset tells us that Donne's realist days are "neither gracious nor edifying, but they are extremely enlightening." I have found this to be particularly true of the songs and sonnets. The earliest of them were written by a young man who was searching for and who evidently found trivial sensationalism. He exults in physical freedom, and in the poem, "The Indifferent", he tells his readers that he can love all types of women on one condition, 'so she be not true'. He presents constancy as a vice and exhorts the woman to 'rob mee, binde mee not, and let mee goe', 'let me and doe you twenty know' for he does not wish to be any woman's 'fixt subject'. Above all he scorns those 'Poore Heretiques in love..... who think to stablish dangerous constancy'. In other words, he tells us that he is willing to love anyone but not for long. The images he uses-- 'no other vice', 'Fixt subject', 'Loves sweetest Part, Variety' etc.-- indicate clearly the contemptuousness with which he looked on constancy in himself or in any woman on whom he chose to bestow his favors.

As indicated by the poems already quoted, the songs and sonnets show a gradual change in Donne's attitude toward love. At first he looked on it as something entirely physical; with maturity and experience, he soon found that love is not merely a thing of the moment. Slowly he found it more and more imperative to be cynical, for his enjoyment of love was evidently beginning to pall on him, and he needed something to add zest to his experiences and his expression of them. With the lessening of

Janit eni ni virfusivisq; giesnos eni te eni eni te noisnusilli boog a ni
stenuo inleidno hofu/ neog hofu eni "konstancu enemow A" . sanje
ton eni di jra , evoi al hofu eni ed qfifile a'nenow gaintecong eni
neog evod eni an oidecong eni eding
auocien "radition" eni gumb isilis a'nenow fad eni alied jessan?
et sida enuoi evod I "gantefilne giesnorhe eni yadd jra eni
view meni te jessilne eni . anderros hofu eni eni virfusivisq; eni
hauoi giesnebile odu hofu rot gantoreen eni odu han puro a ro mafiliw
neog eni ni hau , noboru ianisq; ni usilis eni . mafiliw hau
te segyt hau evol meo en jra erabter eni alied eni "jneotilhni eni"
a ro yonadeno edenq; eni . "eurid Jon ed eni eni 'noitibao eno no nemow
t'eoq eni del hau Jon eni ebnid 'een dor' of nemow t'eoq erabter hau eni
t'harow yau ed of hau Jon each eni rof 'wom' yonewt hau yob hau eni fel'
.....evol al venujereh ericq; eni erabter eni Hau evod . "jneotilhni eni"
en alied ed , shrow ierito al "yoneadeno suotegnq; haujde eni minit odu
---eau eni segnq; eni . yau rot Jon hau enoyra evol of mafiliw eni fent
---nde "yoneadeno" , ital jsefeneo enoyra , "jneotilhni eni" , "eoy radis eni"
ni yonadeno no hauoi en mafiliw hau enealnq; jaenq; eni "yoneadeno" etasibnq;
eaujde eni wotad eni erabter eni mafiliw hau eni ro haujde
stenuo hau enoyra eni , bejow yoneadeno enoyra eni ro haujde
haujde eni fent eni . evol haujde enoyra eni mafiliw hau
hau eni , gantefilne haujde gantefilne haujde ; haujde gantefilne haujde eni di hau
di haujde eni gantefilne . gantefilne haujde eni gantefilne haujde eni
en evol te gantefilne haujde eni , haujde eni of evol te gantefilne haujde eni
en haujde eni gantefilne haujde eni , haujde eni eni gantefilne haujde
te gantefilne haujde eni . haujde eni haujde eni gantefilne haujde eni

enjoyment Donne evinced a more detached attitude toward the process; he began to analyze and dissect love. He created images and conceits that presented love as a 'vain Buble' whose shadow all lovers seek and find no more easily than the 'chymique yet th'Elixar got', and as this chemist:

...glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night.

In the same poem he declares:

That loving wretch that sweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.

He finally bids his readers to:

Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they're but Mummy, possest.¹

The images and conceits in this poem illustrate clearly the low opinion with which Donne characterized love and women. Love is a 'bubble' and lovers' efforts to find true love are as vain as a chemist's search for the elixar. Any man that believes marriage is not only of the bodies but also of the minds is a fool, for women do not possess minds.

Contrast with this the poem written after his marriage to Ann.

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:
So let us melt, and make no noise,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
T'were prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

1. "Loves Alchymie"

ed : success and triumph statistics heralded more a banalized political narrative
about efficiency than genuine leadership. All that Josselin had witnessed of naked
or built-in lies were now revealed. His workers stood 'frozen' now! and as ever necessary
jailbreaks were as rare, 'the only 'surprise' they experienced' was that a silence from

the managers did nothing...

listened with a few 'ahs' and 'Hm's'
, dismantled to , paid his respects
, gathered round him again and then
, again witnessed an unbroken silence

: silence and meagre answers took all

, between their silent unvoiced faces
, without any signs of life and then after
, without surprise, and all of them
, agreed and said , 'Is that all you
, necessary and possible to say about this

: or perhaps silent silence is all

1. Just as I had to review all the time not for myself
, Josselin's opinion and analysis , like this evidence could
not end without establishing more clearly the reasons for the
'silence' and the way this was achieved. The first reason was
that Josselin's silence was as clear as the silence of the 'silence' 'silence'
and the second was that the silence of the 'silence' was
, that the silence of the 'silence' was the silence of the 'silence'
, that the silence of the 'silence' was the silence of the 'silence'
, that the silence of the 'silence' was the silence of the 'silence'

2. The silence was not a complete silence
, but a silence where the silence was
, that the silence was the silence of the 'silence'
, that the silence was the silence of the 'silence'

3. The silence was not a complete silence
, but a silence where the silence was
, that the silence was the silence of the 'silence'
, that the silence was the silence of the 'silence'

twin suspenses. Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares, which
 Men reckon what it did and meant,
 But trepidation of the spheares, which was written to show
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

that although the souls of the lovers may be two, they are as indissoluble as
 Dull sublunary lovers love
 (Whose soule is sense) cannot admit the soul in the 'fini
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

Almost But we by a love, so much refin'd, ^{from the song beginning},
 That our selves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind, ^{mentioning some of Donne's most}
 Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.

beautiful and delicate Our two soules therefore, which are one,
 Though I must goe, endure not yet ^{in threads the way}
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiffe twin compasses are two
 Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no shew
 To move, but doth, if th'other doe.

But And though it in the center sit, ^{any, and before he began to}
 Yet when the other far doth rome,
 It leanes, and hearkens after it, ^{realization of this truth was}
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne; ^{only sensitive young}
 Thy firmnes drawes my circle just, ^{post because were}
 And makes me end, where I begunne. ^{of love and his}

This poem contains many images which contrast vividly with those used in "Loves Alchemy". Donne's love is no longer comparable to that of 'dull sublunary lovers love (whose soule is sense)'; he had found the mixture of soul and sense and 'inter-assured of the mind', he realized that two souls which are one do not break at parting but expand 'like gold to ayery thinnesse beate'. This poem also contains the famous conceit of the

1. "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"
 and quickly knew that, which was nothing, all,

twin compasses which is a fine illustration of a metaphysical conceit which is ingenious but too complex to be beautiful and which was written to show that although the souls of the lovers may be two, they are as indivisible as a compass. It is interesting to note that the woman's soul is the 'fixt foot' while the man's soul 'far doth rone'.

Almost as if in refutation of this, Donne wrote the song beginning, 'Sweetest Love I Do Not Goe'. This song contains some of Donne's most beautiful and tender expressions of love and yet is marked by a simplicity and lack of complicated conceits. A refrain of death threads its way through even this beautiful tribute to Ann.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall!

But Donne wrote many poems before he met Ann, and before he began to realize the deep spiritual side of love. His realization of this truth was won only after many apparently degrading yet strangely enticing experiences which he bitterly regretted in later life. This strangely sensitive young poet became more and more detached in his observations of love and his images change from portrayals of physical ugliness to geographical and scientific images. Three very interesting examples of this are found in "A Valediction: Of Weeping".

For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are something worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much grieve they are, emblemes of more,
On a round ball
A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, All,

So doth each teare,
Which thee doth weare,
A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.
O more than Moone,
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,
Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;

Another poem which illustrates scientific images is "The Computation" which is simply a witty little exercise.

This concern with trivialities, and the quibbling images and conceits used to express them, is gradually overshadowed by pathos. No longer was the poet concerned with the body alone; thoughts of the soul began to enter his mind and his poetry. At this time, he turned against the women he had known, and considered himself an example of purity beside them. It was not a penitent Donne who turned against these women, but a Donne who was satiated with sensationalism and who was beginning to feel faint pangs of awareness of things beyond the body.

However, the new-born pangs were weak, and Donne soon subjected them to a very severe test which nearly strangled them at birth but finally resulted in the growth of a love which flowered under Ann's gentle ministrations. This experience, brought about by a young woman whom he had met at a society function and whose captive he became both spiritually and physically, is exceptionally easy to trace through the songs and sonnets. The young woman was not capable of measuring up to Donne's new attitude concerning love, and this, combined with the fact that she was married and that they were closely watched resulted eventually in the culmination of the affair. "The Curse" was written in protestation against the spying and the punishment Donne wishes on these spies far outweighs the crime.

Donne continued to protest his constancy to her but in more and more artificial verse and images. His love for the woman changed to uncalled for hatred, and disgust and the poem "The Apparition" was written as a final denouncement of her as a 'fain'd vestall'.

When by thy scorne, O murdressse, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
 From all solicitation from mee,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see;
 Then thy sickle taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou are then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A veryer ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
 I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

It is not strange that Donne should say in realization of his love for Ann and perhaps in explanation to her:

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den?
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.¹

He had finally found that love 'all love of other sights controules and makes one little roome, an every where'.

Although in the poem 'The Triple Foole', Donne called himself two fools for loving and for saying so in whining poetry, he defends himself by saying:

A single violet transparent,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 Which nature neare was poore, and scanty;

1. "The Good-Morrow"

I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay.

This does not deter him from boasting in the poem "The Undertaking":

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did.
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

This refers to his marriage to Ann More, and his boasting tone was yet to be dimmed by the autocratic demands of his father-in-law. The suffering to which he was subjected was allayed somewhat by his love for Ann which caused him to say in the same poem:

But he who lovelinesse within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skinne,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and Shee

The poem "The Extasie" is the finest example of his complete change as a lover. He had finally found himself and realized the eternal quality of love and the close relationship of the soul and the body. Undoubtedly Ann and the new conception of love inspired the beautiful lines which so exquisitely describe his victory over his baser tendencies.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke swell'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers best....
And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
We like sepulchrall statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And wee said nothing, all the day.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see
 Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

A love as beautiful and sincere as this is certainly a fitting cause for the composition of a poem which contains as many conceits and delicate images as "The Canonization." Surely these images must have grown out of a truly sincere and sympathetic love and understanding of another.

For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plague Bill?
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
 Call her one, mee another flye,
 We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
 And wee in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
 The Phoenix ride hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
 Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

Whilist in our bodies bins creid and paper'd is,
 Our soules become vermillion carmes,
 So we our selves miraculously destroy,
 Are callid with levan mirrour enjoy
 Such privilages, enabled here to seek
 Heaven, where the Trumpet ayre shall then whise,
 Hearre this, and send thy selfe, and thou needst me,

CHAPTER VI

IMAGERY IN THE EPITAPHS AND IN SELECTED EPIGRAMS

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

Madame,

That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my soule,
Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

III. H.

III. A. 1

My Fortune and my will this custome break,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
In my graves inside see what thou art now:
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

VIII. B.

L. E. 2

V E

OMNIBUS

My Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside seest what thou art now:
Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay. I
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
Our soules become wormeaten carkases;
So we our selves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,

By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd that I could now
A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

Conceit

EPIGRAMS

NIOBE

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

III. E.

A BURNT SHIP

Out of a fired ship, which, by no way
 But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
 Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
 Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
ship drown'd.

IV. C. 4

I. C. 1 III. C.

FALL OF A WALL

Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

V. C. 1

VIII. A. 1

PHRYNE

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted be.

V. K.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS

Like Esops fellow-slaves, O Mercury,*
 Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
 Like Esops selfe, which nothing; I confesse*
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
 Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
 In this case, as thou wouldest be done unto,
 To beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyest like a Greeke.*

VI. D.

VIII. A. 1

VI. A. 1 III. D. 3

THE LIER

Thou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers
 And yet thou swear'st thou hast supp'd like a king:
Like Nebuchadnezar perchance with grass and flowers,
A sallet worse than Spanish dyeting.

VIII. C.

VI. B. 3

CONCLUSIONS

The epigrams originally represented an independent form of art which had reached the highest possible amount of concentrated expression. With Donne, and with his contemporaries, the epigram had become merely the jotting down of a passing conceit, and in Donne's case, the epigrams are not of very high quality.

Many of Donne's epigrams are merely exaggerated puns. Some of them however, do show his use of the metaphysical conceit; others contain some references to the Cadiz expedition of which Donne was a member. "A Burnt Ship" is one of these and is also an outstanding example of a paradoxical conceit:

So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
 They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
 ship drown'd.

This conceit presents a vivid, imaginative picture of the sea and fire, a tragic combination. The picture evoked by the expression 'by their shot decay' is also a macabre figure of speech; the word decay and its connotation contrasts sharply with the usual conception of death by gunfire and exemplifies Donne's ingenious imagination.

The poem, "Fall Of A Wall", belongs to the same group. It is a tribute to the glory of dying for one's country and of so doing so in battle. The pictures created by the images---'shot-bruised wall', 'brave misfortune' and 'towne for tombe'---indicate that battle and death held

some undeniable attraction even for the more youthful Donne.

"The Liar", another epigram based on the Cadiz expedition, is a little less sympathetic with the inconveniences of war, and there are some hints of sarcasm in the allusion to Nebuchadnezar's diet which is worse than a Spanish diet.

Donne probably wrote "Niobe" in a momentary fit of discouragement caused by the fruitless struggles to support an ever increasing family and exaggerated by the death of two of his children. 'I am become so dry, that I am now my owne sad tombe' symbolizes, to me, a mood of depression and a sense of failure. The title contains a clever classical allusion and draws a subtle analogy.

"Phryne" does not have much of interest and is representative of Donne's poorest work in the field of epigrams. The idea of the falsity of paint and the pun on the word painted do not really mean too much and do not convey a clear and vivid picture.

"Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus" is one of the longer epigrams and is merely a clever play on words. Donne's meaning is a little obscure but it is evident that he was holding some person or group of people up to ridicule.

The epitaphs are representative of more serious thought, yet they are not entirely free of puns. The "Epitaph on Himselfe", addressed to the Countess of Bedford, is a gracious tribute to a woman who at one time had aided him in his career. Charmingly and with convincing sincerity, he begged her to accept 'this last funerall Scrowle' which was composed not as a legacy but as a petition. He told the Countess that he did not wish to have a gravestone speak for him; the contents of his grave are what she is herself, but she is not as good as the body in the grave because, in life,

even with the aid of the soul, she can become only glass while in death she may become gold. These terms are symbolical and may be interpreted as meaning the various stages of perfection which the soul may reach. Donne followed these stages himself although he could only hope for the final stage of perfection; he passed through the baser earth-clay stages in his youth; gradually realizing the dignity of the soul, he reached the glass phase. With maturity he learned to hope and strive for the gold of immortality. This is not the first time that he used these analogies; even in the songs and sonnets he refers to souls 'like gold to ayery thinnesse beate'.

Donne finished the poem with a warning that the soul itself becomes a 'worm-eaten Carkasse' when exposed to sin. However, the poem, "Omnibus", continues in the same vein and, in fact, repeats the second stanza of "Epitaph on Himselfe". To this Donne added a few lines in which he warned us that we, through sin, destroy ourselves.

Although the "Omnibus" is not actually addressed to the Countess, the fact that it repeats so many lines of the first epitaph would lead the reader to believe that he was still thinking of her. He begged his reader to heed the advice and mend his ways, for by doing this he not only helps himself but also helps Donne to do good.

Donne finished the poem with a pun on the word compos'd reflecting his sense of humor which he maintained even in severe illness.

whose motions are holde; either worn out, then made,
since every birth to a severall place is gone;

To vese their soules at Resurrection;

Since not these living creatures unto us;

For these, not angels, can

CHAPTER VII

I late entreated yet I had for me

With younes, then cranes, then swans;

Since not these now

Are loves decaye and not loves the fall;

Set passing after the first fall, so,

I shal pass

THE AUTUMNAL

IMAGERY IN SELECTED ELEGIES

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,*

As I have seen in the Autumnall face.*

Yong Beauties force our love, and that's a Rape,*

This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.

If t'were a shame to love, here t'were no shame, 5

Affection here takes Reverences name.

Were her first yeares the Golden Age; That's true,

But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.*

That was her torrid and inflaming time,*

This is her tolerable Tropique clyme.* 10

Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from hence,*

He in a fever wishes pestilence.*

Call not these wrinkles, graves; If graves they were,*

They were Loves graves; for else he no where.*

Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit* 15

Vow'd to this trench, like an Anchorit.*

V. C. 1 VI. B. 1

And here, till here, which must be his death, come,

He doth not digge a Grave, but build a Tombe.*

VIII. C.

Here dwells he, though he sojourns ev'rywhere,

In Progresse, yet his standing house is here.* 20

III. A.

Here, where still Evening is; not noone, nor night.*

I. G. 5

Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,

You may at Revels, you at Counsaile, sit.

This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;* 25

I. A. 2

There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,*

Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast

IV. B.

And appetite to other things, is past.

Xerxes strange Lydian love, the Platane tree,

Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30

Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse

Her youth with ages glory, Barrennesse.

If we love things long sought, Age is a thing

Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

If transitory things, which soone decay, 35

Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

But name not Winter-faces, whose skin' slacke;*

VIII. A. 4

Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a soules sacke;* V. F. III. B. 1

Whose Eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;

CHAPTER XI

THESE IN SEVERAL STYLES

SANTUARY

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Whose mouthes are holes, rather worne out, than made, 40
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
 To vexe their soules at Resurrection;
 Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee,
 For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.* I. G.
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay 45
 With Tombes, than Cradles, to weare out a day.* VIII. A. 2
 Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
 My love descend, and journey downe the hill,*
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,*
 I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.* 50 I. E. 1

CHANGE

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undo,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne. VII.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee.
 Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to'endure than men? II. A. 4
 They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free; I. C. V. J. 1
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there,
 And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare; I. H.
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. I. E. 1a-b
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
 Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More than thy hate, I hate'it, rather let mee
 Allow her change, than change as oft as shee,
 And soe not teach, but force my'opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one.
 To live in one land, is captivitie,
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery; V. H.
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity. I. E. 1b
 III. A.

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HIS PICTURE

Here take my picture; though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, than'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,
 Perhaps with rude oares torn, or Sun beame tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,
 My body's sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne;
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as Oh, I may seeme then,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?
That which in him was faire and delicate,
Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
Did nurse it; who now is growne strong enough
To feed on that, which to disus'd taste seemes tough.

I. B. 2

VIII. B.

IV. B.

LOVES WARR

Till I have peace with thee, warr other Men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allow
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late;
 Yet she relies upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne; no more than they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hott parching clime,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time.
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.

Conceit

VIII. B.

VI. C.

VII. B.

VIII. A.

Long voyages are long consumptions,
And ships are carts for executions.
Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
Here lett mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye.
Here lett mee parle, batter, bleede, and dye.
Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee,
Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee.
Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienced love,
There wee are alwayes under, here above.
There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,
Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly ly;
There men kill men, we'will make one by and by.
Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not
To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
To make at home; And shall not I do then
More glorious service, staying to make men?

THE EXPOSTULATION

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
And must shee needs be false because she's faire?
Is it your beauties marks, or of your youth, 5
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
And blowne away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meeete
As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares
And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe to breake?
Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
O I prophane, though most of women be
This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
My dearest love, though froward jealousie, 25

VIII. B.

VI. C.

VI. E.

II. A. 4

With circumstance might urge thy' inconstancie,
Sooner I'll think the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teaming earth, and that forget to beare,
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Themes
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his stremes, 30
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours. Conceit
 But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
 Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain, 40
Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pitty;
In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
And not be trusted more on his Soules price;
And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50
And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
To the Kings dogges, than any other beast Conceit
 Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
 In mee the flame was never more alive;
 I could beginne againe to court and praise, 55
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make; VII. A.
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60
 To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
 Commend the self same Actors, the same wayes;
 Aske how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these 65
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease; IV. C.
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art. 70

Bitterly depicted. Incongruity and discordance and conflict. So far the
CONCLUSIONS

The first poem in this group of elegies, "The Autumnal", was addressed to Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert. The images in this poem contrast sharply with the major portion of the images already discussed, and they reveal the affectionate reverence Donne felt for the woman who gave him not only material aid but, more important, spiritual aid. Mrs. Herbert was a devoted mother as well as a woman of intellectual genius; this combination was a happy one which proved to have a steady influence on Donne at a time when he was beginning to discover the finer mysteries of love.

The tone of the poem is one of tenderness, courtliness, grace, and that rare quality in Donne, heartfelt sincerity. The opening lines:

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
have no tinge of artificiality or conventionality; the graceful figure of speech is a striking and unusual one. His love for this matron was platonic and to quote him, 'affection here takes Reverences name.' The last line-- 'I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe', is a strangely peaceful and reflective image which perfectly expressed the delicate relationship between the two and the beauty with which Donne could express himself on occasion.

In the poem "Change", Donne referred again to that dangerous and disillusioning love affair mentioned in the preceding chapter. The sentiment is similar to that expressed in "The Apparition", and the poet revealed that he had given up all pretense of any feeling other than repulsion for the woman. The cynical note crept into his voice again as he

bitterly declaimed inconstancy and used nature and animals to show the baseness of women. Through the images based on rivers and seas and concerning their freedom, he unconsciously confessed the conflict between his desire to find perfect love and his need to retain a certain amount of freedom. He excused himself in this affair by accusing the woman of infidelity to her husband through her professed fidelity to him. But even he must have realized that he was attempting to conceal from her and from himself his own inability to win the battle against promiscuity and disloyalty. He was heading again for the first stages of pure physical passion and could find no permanent solution to his mental and moral difficulties.

Although the images concerned nature as they did in earlier poems on the subject of inconstancy, it is the dying, the rotten, the cheap things in nature that are stressed.

Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter t'endure than men?

Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrified.

How vividly these insults contrast with the lines addressed to the same woman when he was preparing to embark on the Cadiz expedition. Here he expressed passion, but a passion that was real and steadfast.

Here take my picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwells, shall dwell.¹

In the poem "Loves Warr" Donne grumbled:

To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;

1. "His Picture"

Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.
Long voyages are long consumptions,
And ships are carts for executions.
Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
Here lett mee warr;

This is another, more violent expression of his desire to remain in England and to continue his affair. He did not want to go to war but wished to leave that to other men while he continued his quest for peace with his love. In a flippant tone he asked:

And shall not I do then
More glorious service, staying to make men?

The poem, in spite of his protestations of sorrow at the necessity of leaving and his preference to stay at home and fight 'loves warr', does not strike me as particularly sincere; it is made up of a conceit and it is entirely too witty, brittle, and pert to have much depth or sincerity. Some of Donne's biographers contend that it was on this expedition that Donne spent some months in continual travel when he might have returned immediately to his lady. He made the expedition in the search for new adventure and something more exciting than life in London; he desired violent action. His financial status was poor and, furthermore, he was having many difficulties with women. There was also the possibility of a desire for honor and glory which he had praised in some of the epigrams; all this seemed to outweigh his desire to return to his mistress.

In "The Expostulation" Donne cursed a third party who had gossiped concerning his love affair and had separated Donne and his mistress through the misunderstanding caused by this gossip. Donne complained that he was stunned by the thought that she, of all women, could be inconstant and said:

My dearest love, though froward jealousie,
With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teeming earth, and that forget to beare,
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames,
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.

The images used here concern life, growth, and the power of nature.

Those used in the curse itself are biblical and are also based on nature; but this time it is the life of the lower animals and their cannibalistic tendencies to which he refers; and it was a scathing and unnecessarily severe punishment which he proposed for the man who had 'slaine their love'.

However, in spite of all these tribulations 'the flame was never more alive' in him and he was ready to resume the affair with renewed fervour, for love is 'as subtilly catch'd as a disease' and is a sweet treasure worth defending 'For though'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art'.

The images in these elegies vary greatly in number, type, and content. Nature, personification, and learning (classical and biblical) predominate in "The Autumnal." It is interesting to compare the nature images in this poem with those in "Change." The quiet dignity of comparison and analogy in "The Autumnal" comes as a surprise to the reader after reading so much of the more brutal type of analogy which Donne found, for example, between women and goats, or loyalty and waters that soon stink in "Change."

Imaginative images (personification) and images based on learning are present in almost all of Donne's poems and the elegies are no exceptions. They reveal Donne's quick, facile, and searching mind; he was

unable to write any poem that did not reflect, to some degree, his analyzing, soul-searching intelligence.

and several cases of *Staphylococcus* and *Streptococcus* of older
nongillable patients from England

CHAPTER VIII

IMAGERY IN SELECTED EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

OBSEQUIES TO THE LORD HARRINGTON

Brother to the Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford

Faire soule which was, not onely, as all soules bee,		
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,	VII.	B.
But did'st continue so; and now dost beare	VII.	B. 1
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:		
If looking up to God; or downe to us, 5		
Thou finde that any way is previous,		
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe		
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,		
See, with joy, mee to that good degree		
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10		
And, by these meditations refin'd,	IV.	A.
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,		
And so can make by this soft extasie,	VIII.	A. 4
This place a map of heav'n my selfe of thee.		
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15		
Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest	I.	E. 1
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have		
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,	III.	D. 6
Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,		
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20		
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,		
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them then	V.	J. 1
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,	III. E.	IV. A. 2
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,		
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25		
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,	III.	C. 1-2
All the world growes transparent, and I see		
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;		
And I discerne by favour of this light,		
My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30		
God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see	V.	E.
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,		
So yet unglorified, I comprehend		
All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.	III.	H.
Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35	V.	E.
All, since the beeing of all things is hee,		
Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive		

Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
 Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. 40
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on
 Nor can endure a contemplation.

I. A. 2

As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
 Bee' insisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
 Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was;
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,
 Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
 Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
 So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
 His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, 60
 Should I divide and discontinue so,
 Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
 For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
 Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee;
 So is't of vertue; for a point and one
 Are much entirer than a million.

IV. A.

And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have been old; 70
 So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exercise, lacke time and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 Wee cannot thinke, now he is at the Sunne,
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth run
 Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes

I. E. 1 a-b

By quick amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings; 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 And lay together every A, and B;
 So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good;
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely'have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,) Conceit
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlessnesse of the equinoctiall;
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
 When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaille,
 Onely great circles, then can be our scale:
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, 120
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125
 Zeales ague, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of youth;
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele 130
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose hand gets shaking palsies, and whose string*
 (His sinews) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring,*
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye,*
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly, 135
 Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,*
 Or idle,'as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will;

So, youth is easiest to destruction, 140
 If then wee follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to 'imploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall,
 When, small clocks faults, only on the wearer fall; 145
 So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie.
 Why wouldest not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,
 And daily hadst him, who gave it thee, 150
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disorderd stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldest thou be any instrument
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent 155
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
 That when the ebbs, longer than flowings be,
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in?
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath, 160
 All is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have
 Good companie, his entry is a grave. 165
 Mee thinkes all Cities now, but Anthills bee,
 Where, when the severall labourers I see,
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which 170
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem,
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou 175
 Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow
 That at the Triumph day, the people may
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say,
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grief, though not to make thy Triumph lesse. 180
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield,
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee, 185
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacite remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave. 190

Conceit

VI. F.

I. E. 1

VIII. A. 2

II. C.

V. G.

VI. C.

Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successsfully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are 195
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,)
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are. 200
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion
 Must be enlarg'd and not preserv'd alone;*
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win 205
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require, 210
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldest thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, than't had before?
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here, 215
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out: 220
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more than Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joyned in commission 225
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
 But though his freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave; 230
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
 So, though, triumphant soule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus, 235
 That thou so earely wouldest abandon us;
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugners bee 240
 Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)

V. C.

V. C.

III. B.

VI. A. B.

Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
 That all men should lacke thee, than thou lack it.
 Though then in our time, be not suffered 245
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and Franch soldurii did;
And though in no degree I can expresse
Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse, 250
Who at his friends death, made whole townes devest
Their walls and bullwarks which became them best:
Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast 255
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

VI. G.

VI. A. 2

VIII. B.

ELEGIE ON THE LADY MARCKHAM

Man is the World, and death th' Ocean, I. D. VIII. A. 2
To which God gives the lower parts of man. VIII. B.

This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend. I. E. 1 b
Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament,
(Teares which our Soule doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish tast, and Funerall, 10
And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin. IV. A.

We, after Gods Noe, drowne our world againe.*
 Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth worke upon itself, with inborne stings.
Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15 IV. A. 1
Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shée.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by deaths sold hand. 20 I. E. 1 b
As men of China, after an ages stay,
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay; VI. G.
So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
Of which this flesh was, her soule shall inspire 25
Flesh of such stiffe, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All. VI. B. 1
They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30
Usurpe the body, our soule, which subject is

To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
 They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths' dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both; 35
For, none to death sinnes, that to sinne is loth,
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this, and that virginity.

VIII. B.

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!

VIII. A. 2

She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omissions, act; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As Moses Cherubines, whose natures doe*

VIII.

Surpassè all speed, by him are winged too: 50
So would her soule, already in heaven, seeme then,
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine haste may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parte of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told.
 Lest they that heare her vertues, thinke her old: 60
 And lest we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

VI. B. 3

VIII.

E L E G Y

DEATH

Language thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
 Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mutest at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
Was't that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,

VIII. B.

As in a deluge perish the 'innocent?	I.	B. 2
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15		
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?	V.	I.
Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,		
All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,		
For they let out more light, than they tooke in,		
They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20		
She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;		
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;	Conceit	
Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;		
Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?	VI.	
And if we live, we live but to rebell,		
They know her better now, that knew her well.		
If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;		
Since, shee first went, that were not misirie. 30		
She chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,		
Mirth and prosperity is oppression;		
For of all morall vertues she was all,		
The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.		
Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35	VIII.	A. 4
Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.	VIII.	B.
Shee had no more than let in death, for wee		
All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.		
God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love		
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40	VIII.	C.
And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,		
To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;		
Who if her vertues would have let her stay		
Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.		
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45	VI.	B. 3
Religion did not consume, but inspire		
Such piety, so chast use of Gods day,		
That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,		
And did prefigure here, in devout tast,		
The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50		
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,		
(For she was of that order whence most fell)		
Her body left with us, lest some had said,		
Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;		
For from lesse vertue, and less beautiousnesse, 55		
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.		
The ravenous earth that now woоеs her to be		
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree*	VI.	
That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,		
Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60		
And we her sad glad friends all beare a part		
Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.		

CONCLUSIONS

The poems in this chapter were written at the request of the Countess of Bedford. It was she who, like Mrs. Herbert, aided and guided Donne on his way to a compromise between his desire for the pleasures of this world, his shame because of his youthful appetites, and his desire for spiritual and mental peace.

In the years preceding his friendship with the Countess, Donne had passed through many physical and financial hardships and discouragements as well as a period of poetical lethargy. He was worried at his failure to support his family, and his long sojourn at Mitcham had given him too much time for self analysis; his egotistical nature resented the solitude and the constant reminders of his ineffectiveness. Pangs of conscience finally drove Ann's father to settle an annual income on the couple. It was this income that allowed Donne to go to London where he was welcomed into the Countess' select group of literary people. Though she did not give him the spiritual aid that Mrs. Herbert gave him and although Donne never addressed a poem as sincerely beautiful and platonic as "The Autumnal" to her, her contributions were invaluable in starting the young poet on his way again.

"Obsequies to the Lord Harrington" is an example of the work he did for this woman. There is very little self revelation in this poem because he was more concerned with pleasing his patroness than he was in expressing his own opinions on life and death. The work is not spontaneous and lacks the usual fire and zeal of his work to date. This is evident in the number and varied type of conceits he uses. They are complicated, and,

in some cases, hard to follow; in all cases they are indicative of carefully planned writing and conscious search for effectiveness. The whole poem is an exaggerated declaration of the great loss the world suffered when a man as pure and as near perfection as Lord Harrington died. Donne even went so far as to compare the living Lord Harrington to a compass with one foot in heaven and the other free to roam the world at large. However, the poet concluded with the statement that he could not combat that 'great soveraigntie' who had decided to claim the soul of Lord Harrington for his own, and that he could not begrudge Harrington his gain in spite of the world's loss. He further begged Harrington to accept this testimony of love for his grief was a great as Harrington's worth.

The "Elegie On The Lady Marckham" was also written for the Countess. I personally find it amazing that Donne could have written such outstanding and revealing images in an otherwise superficial tribute to a woman he scarcely knew. The whole poem carries out figures of speech of the ocean, the sea, and rivers. 'Land waters' are 'teares of passion' shed at the death of this fine woman who was so pure that she repented of sins that were either trivial or nonexistent:

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complaines! 'Alas,
How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us know
That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie,
That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
Making omissions, act; laying the touch
Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.

Man is the World, and death th' Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.

They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
 But even in a poem filled with such consciously sought beauty Donne could not escape the realism of the following image.

But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths sold hand

Compare this with:

As men of China, 'after an ages stay,
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
 Of which this flesh was,

It is possible that the elegie "Death" was also addressed to Lady Marckham although it is believed that Donne did not know her.

Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish the'innocent?

Language could not express the sorrow that he felt because of her death any more than it was capable of easing that sorrow. He wondered if sorrow had claimed this woman merely to increase its own empire for it would be no misery for any of her friends to die because she had died before them. She was the epitome of all moral virtues; her soul was Paradise. Her life was merely an example of the perfect pious and holy life which she was to lead after death, yet religion did not consume her, rather it inspired her. The angels took her directly to heaven for she was a saint on earth. The only reason they left her body behind was so that baser people could have actual proof of her death.

Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;

These poems are good examples of Donne's 'bread and butter' work. Many of his readers dislike them because they are so stiff and artificial;

they do give no suggestion of Donne's depth of thought on the matters he discusses or of the fine work of which he was capable. Only occasionally does the dark thread of Donne's personality show.

Donne is representative of thinking men of his age. He was a poet and could not except the conventions of his age which in this case reading poetry of all time. He was a man and could not except the conventions of his age because he searched for the reality of all ages.

In his youth Donne was driven by passion and yet the sense of the insignificance of the flesh and impelled for deeper and wider knowledge. With maturity he strove to find harmony between the soul and the body and although he failed, it is interesting to watch the struggle. He walked in the primitive stages of nature and his body taught him that man dies and again that the short warning is enough. His struggle was a very personal one and represents a conflict between nature and civilization, spiritual greatness and general goodness. He sought the mind but he found it difficult to reduce his problems to human.

Constitution of personality, of the physique, and of the information sent to him. He retained a primitive view of the universe and its atomic elements, and at the same time he possessed a realistic rather than an abstract conception of the body and its qualities; he found optimism in the body because of the primitive impulsion by which it is controlled. The sensations of death with sin and faith with love of humanity are typical traits of the information.

He sought spiritual consciousness but he reduced his spirituality

as stations will be required to supply a series of vent
valves around the tank, so as to allow the water to be
readily withdrawn through them, and avoid

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

Donne is representative of thinking men of all ages. He was a poet and would not accept the conventions of his age which he felt were robbing poetry of all life. He was a man and could not accept the conventions of his age because he searched for the reality of all ages.

In his youth Donne was driven by passion and yet was aware of the insufficiency of the flesh and hungered for deeper and wider experience. With maturity he strove to find harmony between the soul and the body and although he failed, it is interesting to watch the struggle. He exulted in the primitive impulses of nature and his body dragged his soul back time and again from the ideal harmony he sought. His struggle was a very personal one and represents a conflict between nature and imagination, spiritual creativeness and physical passivity. He sought the ideal but he found it difficult to subdue his passionate nature.

Characteristics of Mediaevalism, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation met in him. He retained a mediaeval fear of the unknown and an innate savagery, but he also possessed a realistic rather than an aesthetic adoration of the body and its beauties; he found ugliness in the body because of the primitive impulses by which it is controlled. His association of death with sin and faith with hope of immortality are typical traits of the Reformation.

He sought spiritual consciousness but he admitted his sensuality

and did not hesitate to write of his physical experiences and to analyze them with a scientific mind in his poetry. He never succeeded in fully bringing the soul and the body together; first one gained control and then the other, but over both reigned the mind which never allowed him to compromise in the search for truth.

In his development as an individual he passed through three stages which may be called physical indulgence, intellectual questioning, and mature experience. As a lover he was first a sensualist and, with youthful vigor, he became a cynic. He was passion's slave and then passion's critic only to become a Platonist and finally a devoted husband.

In religion he followed a similar development. He discarded Catholicism for Agnosticism, became a casuist, and finally died a learned theologian. Under the stress of necessity, he accepted the English Church as a professional vocation and after an agonizing struggle, as a spiritual vocation.

Intensity is typical of him in all his endeavors and he was little noted for his prudence. He was ambitious to succeed in life and although he criticized society, life, and people in general, and in spite of his ability to look through outward pretences and to find what was really inside, he could, as occasion demanded, submerge his personal opinions and beliefs to those of whomever he was attempting to gratify. His one outstanding error in judgment was his marriage to Ann which stood in the way of his success at Court because of the disfavor it brought down upon him. This, however, did not hinder him in his search for Court preferment; the marriage itself probably aided him in his search for spiritual peace. His love for this woman was tender and dignified and had little trace of

the sensualist which he professed to be; however, he still occasionally found it necessary to express himself in his former cynical fashion.

As he matured a juvenile concern with death developed into a very real and terrifying dread. He loved life and was aware of all the experiences of the senses. Contemplation of the cessation of life, resulted in an expression of complete rebellion. He could not reconcile mortality with his instinct for immortality; he could not escape the haunting fears of death which permeated his work. Fausset expresses this idea very clearly:

"But as the violence of the sunset sky is of the dust-laden air, the particles of matter through which the pure light passes, so the soul of man glows with the most lurid colour in proportion to the degree of the physical which it has to penetrate and subdue.

"It is the rich physical nature of Donne that makes him so passionately expressive, even in his defeat; and in his rare moments of imaginative victory, of conflict culminating in unity only to relapse again into discord, 'through the ragged apparel of the afflictions of this life; through the scars and wounds and paleness, and morphews of sin and corruption, we can look upon the soul itself.

"And this soul is worthy of all honour; for though defeated, it never accepted a fraudulent peace. Haunted by funeral phantoms, swooning beneath the horrors of a self-conceived hell it continued to fight on." 1

1. H. L. Fausset. John Donne A Study In Discord. p. 317

The focus of this study is to prove a new interpretation of Donne's personality, thought, and movement through his choice of words and study of his images in selected secular poems.

As an introduction I define an image as the little word pictures, and by a poet's little word pictures, I mean the words he chooses to express his imaginative pictures. This definition of an image includes every imaginative picture expressed through the writer, the reader, and the audience.

Because of the difficulty of finding a suitable title, I have chosen to use the title of my thesis, "IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE", as the title of my thesis. BOSTON UNIVERSITY is a well-known of the most important parts of life. GRADUATE SCHOOL

Abstract of Thesis

IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE

by

Virginia M. Murphy

(A. B., Boston University, 1947)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

1948

Because of the difficulty of finding a suitable title, I have chosen to use the title of my thesis, "IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE", as the title of my thesis. BOSTON UNIVERSITY is a well-known of the most important parts of life. GRADUATE SCHOOL

For the organization of this study I have provided an outline of the subjects of the thesis, at the beginning of every chapter. With the exception of one, I have numbered the conclusions I drew from the study of the poems and types of images used in the group of poems under discussion. The classification of these images may be an arbitrary one, and it may also be necessary to draw an instance in which the does not

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1901

The purpose of this thesis is to present a new interpretation of Donne's personality, thought, and temperament through the classification and study of his images in selected secular poems.

In my introduction I defined an image as 'a little word picture... used by a poet....to illustrate, illuminate, and embellish his thought'; this includes every imaginative picture expressed through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

Because no study of this type would be complete without at least a few words about the poet's life, I have given a brief summary of the most important facts of his biography.

The reflections of Donne's life in his poetry are apt to be misleading. It is dangerous to believe that Donne wrote only from experience; he had a tendency to exaggerate his youthful errors and the records of his earlier love affairs are often conventional and literary, prompted perhaps by his distaste for Elizabethan overglorification of love. This tendency to exaggerate colored all his work, and therefore the reader must be careful to avoid a too literal acceptance of his statements. However, it should be remembered that, 'every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written largely in his works.....'

For the convenience of the reader I have presented an outline of the subjects of the images. At the beginning of every chapter, with the exception of one, I have summarized the conclusions I drew from the study of the number and types of images used in the group of poems under discussion. The classification of some images may be an arbitrary matter, and at any time the reader may discover an instance in which he does not

agree with the author.

Donne was born into a wealthy and distinguished family; his only drawback was his religion. He was a full-blooded passionate young man who wanted to taste all the joyes of life, still he knew of a 'gay sport abroad, yet dare not go'. In his youth he revolted against literary, social, and religious conventions. He was introspective enough to analyze his experiences and set them down in verse.

As a student in Lincoln's Inn, he had entered into the life and society around him, and, hurt by the rebuffs he had encountered, he penned the cynical satires, three of which I have reproduced. The images in these poems are based on domestic, imaginative, learning, daily life, and body classifications. A study of them results in a picture of a young man who deliberately sought the most degrading and base analogies that he could find for society, poetasters, and lawyers.

The images used in the satires are merely a preview of the word pictures he was to draw concerning women and love. The prevalent mood of the Songs and Sonnets is one of consciously sought cynicism, with occasional touches of tenderness. From this the poet passed to a concern with time and death which deepened into a concern with mortality alleviated at times by spasmodic returns to the earlier cynicisms.

The Epigrams are composed of conceits which do not represent Donne's best work; they were probably written with the idea of future reference and possible further work. I found in my study of images and conceits in other poems that he quite frequently wrote better epigrams in the course of a longer poem.

The Epicedes and Obsequies were written more or less as bread and

butter work, and it is only in one or two images that we see reflections of Donne's true personality.

The Elegies, however, are a different matter. They represent a more diversified picture of the poet; we see him as the tender Platonist, the demanding lover, the sensualist, and the loving husband.

I have added an appendix to this work which includes two of Donne's Holy Sonnets, which I feel are representative of his work after his entry into the religious life.

If what I have said in the introduction is true, that the standing of a poet depends largely upon the power he has in discovering hidden likenesses, and therefore the use of this power is what stirs us in his writings, I feel that my study of Donne's ability in this field is justified.

that hast made me, and should thy works destroy
regardless me now, for ever alone and with misery,
I know his cruelty, and death worse than this,
and still my pleasure are these yesterday,
I have not seen my time since my wife,
desperately grieved, and death before unto such
such torment, and my foolish life with such

APPENDIX

as seems to be, which as I would tell John Bright
only then were given, and when towards these
as they seeme I can loose, I will againe
but my old castle too despoyleth me,
that's not one hour my wife I can sustaine
my brat day long or to prevent his acts
and then like Alcestis you will hear me

2100000

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou are above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

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TRANSLATION

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